

How to train your humanoid

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Summary: Basically the same as the movie...BUT Hiccup is a girl and Toothless is a smokin' hot humanoid!

1. Chapter 1

_Wassup everyone? I literally had this crazy idea in a dream! What if Hiccup was a girl? And if Toothless also had a __**HOT** human form? Well, I'm gonna make that dream a reality! Enjoy! Oh, wait! I have no ownership of How to Train your Dragon at all!_

****Hiccup's P.O.V.****

This is Berk. It's twelve days North of hopeless and a few degrees South of freezing to death. It's located solidly on the meridian of misery.

My village. In a word: sturdy. It's been here for seven generations, but every single building is new. We have fishing, hunting, and a charming view of the sunsets.

The only problems are the pests. You see, most places have mice or mosquitoes...

I open the door only to see a giant winged reptile, then quickly shut it before it could breathe fire.

We have dragons.

Most people would leave. Not us. We're Vikings. We have stubbornness issues.

My name is Hiccup. Great name, I know. But it's not the worst. Parents believe that a hideous name would frighten off gnomes and trolls. Like our charming Viking demeanor wouldn't do that.

I was suddenly pushed to the ground by a Viking, he then screamed, "ARRGH! Mornin'!"

I then proceeded to run, getting pushed around was really normal to me.

"What are you doing here?" and "Get inside!" was what was yelled at me as I ran. But then I was suddenly picked up by the collar of my vest by a man with a big red beard. "Hiccup! What is she doing...? What are you doing out?! Get inside!" He yelled as he pushed me away.

That's Stoick the Vast, chief of the tribe. They say that when he was a baby, he popped a dragon's head clean off its shoulders. Do I believe it? Yes I do.

"What have we got?" he asked another Viking.

To which he replied, "Gronckles. Nadders. Zipplebacks. Hoark saw a Monstrous Nightmare."

Then a building exploded in the background, causing sparks of fire to fly in the air.

"Any Night Furies?" Stoick asked, casually wiping a flame off his shoulder.

"None so far."

"Good."

"Hoist the torches!" a man yelled. And on that command, huge torches rose to the sky to get rid of the dragons. That's when I ran to the armory.

"Nice of you to join the party! I thought you've been carried off!" I heard a familiar voice say.

I started to put my hair up in a pony-tail. "Who, me? No, come on." I said as I put on my apron. "I'm way too tough for their taste. They wouldn't know what to do with all of this." I started flexing an arm.

"They need toothpicks, don't they?" he replied jokingly.

The meathead with attitude and interchangeable hand is Gobber. I've been his apprentice since I was little. Well, little-er.

"Move to the lower defenses. We'll counter attack with catapults." Stoick ordered.

At that moment, a house was set on fire.

See? Old village, lots and lots of new houses.

"Fire!" a woman screamed.

"Let's go!" I heard some kids yell.

I immediately looked out the window because I recognized those

voices.

That's Fishlegs, Snotlout, the twins: Ruffnut and Tuffnut, Astrid, and her hot older brother...Astro!

Astro began to put out the fire with a bucket of water and walked towards the armory, which seemed like slow motion. He's so perfect! And their jobs were so much cooler.

I then felt myself get picked up by the collar of my vest, and pulled away from the window.

"Come on. Let me out, please." I begged. "I need to make my mark."

Gobber then put me down. "You've made plenty of marks, all in the wrong places."

"Please, two minutes." I begged. "I'll kill a dragon. My life will get infinitely better. I might even get a date."

"You can't lift a hammer. You can't swing an axe. You can't even throw one of these." he said while lifting two rocks connected by strings. Until another Viking took it from his hand and swung it at a Gronckle. Causing it to fall to the ground.

I took a good look at myself. I should start jogging.

"Okay, fine, but this will throw it for me!" I said while presenting my amazing-shooter-thing! I haven't gave it a name yet. The minute I go to pat it, it automatically shoots at a Viking who falls to the floor.

Oops...

"See? Now this right here is what I'm talking about!" Gobber said while walking towards me.

"Mild calibration issue..." I began to say.

"Hiccup! If you ever want to get out there and fight dragons, you need to stop all of...this!" Gobber said, gesturing to me.

"But you just gestured to all of me." I pointed out.

"Yes, that's it! Stop being all of you."

"Oohhhh."

"Oh, yes."

"You, sir, are playing a dangerous game. Keeping this much _raw_ Vikingness contained? There will be consequences!" I said as threateningly as I could. For affect, I pointed my finger towards the sky, making a promise to the Gods.

"I'll take my chances." he replied, not even caring about my rage of female fury. "Sword. Sharpen. Now." he demanded while handing me a heavy sword.

One day, I'll get out there. Because killing a dragon is everything around here.

A Nadder head is sure to get me at least noticed. Gronckles are tough. Taking down one of those would definitely get me a boyfriend. A Zippleback? Exotic. Two heads, twice the status.

"They found the sheep!" I heard a Viking yell.

"Concentrate fire over the lower bank." Stoick ordered.

"Fire!" on that command, a catapult was fired.

And then there's the Monstrous Nightmare. Only the best Vikings go after those. They have this nasty habit of setting themselves on fire.

Suddenly, a Monstrous Nightmare appeared in front of Stoick.

"Reload!" he called. "I'll take care of this." he then started to whack a metal hammer across the dragon's face continuously.

But the ultimate prize is the dragon no one's ever seen. We call it the-

"Night Fury!" someone yelled.

A blue light began to shine in the night sky.

"Get down! Jump!"

This thing never steals food, never shows itself, and...

...Never misses.

CRASH!

There goes another building...

No one has ever killed a Night Fury. That's why I'm going to be the first.

"Man the fort, Hiccup!" Gobber called to me, heading towards the door. "They need me out there. Stay. Put. There. You know what I mean." he gave out a mighty war cry, and hobbled out the door (due to the fact that he has a peg leg).

Now, I know Gobber told me to stay put, and I usually obeyed him. He was always like an uncle to me. But yet, I found myself running outside with my awesome-shooter-thing. Man, I need to think of a name.

"You're not supposed to be out here!" a woman called.

"I know!"

"Hiccup!" yelled another.

"Be right back!" I called as I ran into an open field where I had a

clear view of the early morning sky. The stars were still out, I would've enjoyed it if it weren't the fact that dragons were destroying the village again.

_Come on, give me something to shoot at..., _I inwardly prayed.

That's when I saw it. A black shadow-like creature flying in the sky. I aimed at the target, and shot out the net. But the force of it shot out was so strong that I fell back to the ground. I heard a dragon roar and saw my target fall into the forest.

"I hit it...Yes, I hit it!" I jumped around with joy. "Did anybody see that?!" I asked as I turned around only to see a Monstrous Nightmare looming over me. "Except for you..."

That's when I did the most sensible thing any person would've done: I turned around and ran away screaming. Hey, if you saw a fire-breathing reptile the size of two ships and has very sharp teeth that could rip your head clean off your body, you would do the same.

As I was running for my life, I hid behind one of the large poles of the torches while breathing heavily. Multi-tasking is not my friend right now...The minute I turn around, the dragon appears again, opening its mouth to eat me. My eyes widened in horror. Then Stoick suddenly jumped out of no where attacking the dragon. He punch and kicked it until it flew away.

Then the pole that I was hiding behind fell back and landed on a random guy. I cringed every time I heard him scream. It sounded painful.

Oh, and there's one more thing you need to know...

"Sorry, dad..." I apologized to Stoick. I then looked up in the air only to see dragons flying away with our sheep. Poor sheep; they looked helpless and quite frightened.

I looked around awkwardly; everyone in the village surrounded me and Stoick. I took this chance to say, "Okay, but I hit a Night Fury."

I found myself being dragged by my dad away from the scene and with all of the villagers staring at us. "It's not like the last few times, dad! I really, actually hit it. You guys were busy. I had a very clear shot. It went off down Raven Point. Let's get a search party-"

"Stop! Just stop." he demanded. I automatically went silent. "Every time you step outside, disaster follows. Can you not see that I have bigger problems? Winter is almost here and I have an entire village to feed!"

"Between you and me, the village could do a little less feeding; don't you think?" I know I might have offended some people, but I wasn't being mean, I was being honest. There's a big difference.

"This isn't a joke, Hiccup! Why can't you follow the simplest of orders?"

"I can't help myself. I see a dragon and I have to just..." I struggled to find the right word. "..._kill_ it. That's who I am, dad."

He rubbed his temples. "You're many things, Hiccup. But a dragon killer is not one of them." I put my head down in shame. That's like saying a dragon wasn't meant to fly, like a fish wasn't meant to swim! "Get back to the house. Make sure she gets there." he said to Gobber. "I have her mess to clean up."

Gobber started to walk behind me, "Let's go, Hiccup."

"Quite the performance." Tuffnut said sarcastically.

"I've never seen anyone mess up that badly. That helped." Snotlout retorted.

"Thank you, thank you. I was trying." I said, walking away. I was already used to their bullying.

Though, it did make me smile when Gobber whacked Snotlout in the head...

2. Chapter 1 and a half

I'M SO SO SO SO SORRY! It's been God knows how long since I last updated. Well, anywho, I present a new chapter of How to train your Humanoid. I don't own How to train your Dragon in any way, shape, or form.

* * *

><p>"I really did hit one."<p>

"Sure, Hiccup."

"He never listens."

"Runs in the family."

I sensed some sarcasm somewhere in Gobber's voice, but I chose to ignore him and continued on my complaining as we stopped in front of my front door.

"And when he _does_ listen to me, it's with this disappointed scowl, like someone skimped on meat in his sandwich." To prove my point, I began to speak in his voice, "Excuse me, barmaid. You brought me the wrong offspring. I ordered an extra-large _boy_ with beefy arms, and extra guts and glory on the side. But this here, this _girl_ is a talking fish-bone!"

He always wanted a son. I knew that I was nothing but a big disappointment to him.

"You're thinking about this all wrong." Gobber said. "It's not so much what you look like; it's what _inside_ that he can't stand."

Seriously? Was this his pathetic little way of making me feel better? What was I expecting, though? This was _Gobber_, after all.

I gave him a _WTF-face_ and spoke in a very sarcastic voice. "Thank you for summing that up..." I happen to be very good at sarcasm. It was basically my second language.

He stopped me before I could open the door and wallow in my pity. "Look, the point is, stop trying so hard to be something you're not."

I felt tears forming at the corners of my eyes. I would give anything to be something other than me; _anything_ other than me. I was the suckiest excuse of a Viking on the island, maybe even the entire world. "I just want to be one of you guys."

I ran in my house and slumped in my bed. I can't believe that not even my closest thing to a friend, Gobber, couldn't see my side of the situation. If only I actually stayed at the forge like he told me to. If only I didn't create my amazing-shooter-thingy (which, by the way, still needs a name). If only I didn't shoot that Night Fury-

Wait a second.

I stood up and excitedly ran out the house.

The Night Fury! Maybe I could find it. Maybe I could drag it back to Berk and show my dad. Then I'll totally be one of them for sure!

Today, I will become a Viking!

* * *

><p>Yeah, short chapter, I know.

But I'm basically doing the scenes from the movie with Hiccup in it since it's from her point of view.

But don't fret! I will be adding some extra chapters/fillers for any non-Hiccup scenes in the movie.

YES, THE POWER OF FANFICTION!

3. Chapter 2

I'm such an inconsiderate asshole, yes I know.

So's my COMPUTER for being an ABSOLUTE BAGEL for not turning on!

Now that I got that off my chest, I will now be updating regularly. YAY!

I do not own How to Train your Dragon. NOW ON WITH THE CHAPTER!

* * *

><p>So...after the occasional trip and mini swearing, I took out my favorite brown notebook and opened to a page with the forest map.<p>

I sighed as I made an X on where I last checked...and the place before that, and the place before that...Out of frustration, I scribbled all over the page and snapped it shut.

"Oh, the Gods hate me." I huffed as I shoved the book into my vest pocket. "Some people lose their knife or their mug. Not me. I manage to lose an entire dragon!"

Like seriously! Who does that? And why was I talking to myself in the middle of the woods?! Was that even normal?! Was I even normal?!

Out of anger, I hit a branch that was in my way, but it came back for revenge and hit me across my cheek.

"Ugh! Gods damn it-!" I looked up and saw a broken tree. It looked as if something hard struck it. I walked towards the damaged ruins of branches and the messed up path, most likely caused by the same thing. I walked down a little hill and saw a horrific sight.

IT WAS A FLIPPING NIGHT FURY! OH MY GODS!

I hid behind a giant boulder and started to inwardly panic. I slowly poked my head back out and noticed that it was tied up in ropes. Ropes similar to my soon-to-be-named invention.

I figured that it was now or never, so I took out my knife and smiled in amazement. "I did it..."

I walked cautiously toward the dragon and took in my victory. Was this what it felt like to accomplish something? Was this what it felt like to feel good about yourself? It was the absolute best feeling in the world.

"Oh, wow. I did it. I did it." I repeated. "This fixes everything! Yes!" I victoriously put my leg on the dragon's shoulder, just like Stoick does. "I have brought down this mighty beast!"

I felt a sudden shift from beneath my leg, which caused me to stagger back in surprise. It was alive?! Does that mean I have to...kill it?

I nervously pointed my knife at the dragon. I tilted my head to see its face and noticed that it was staring wide-eyed back at me.

It was staring at me, with these wide, frightened, green eyes! They were so hypnotic, and it made me feel almost...guilty?

I shook my head and stared back angrily. "I'm going to kill you, dragon." I said, making my voice hard. "Then I'll cut out your throat and take it to my father. I am a Viking...I am a Viking!"

I raised my blade and prepared to do what had to be done. But for some reason, I felt like I was trying to convince myself of being a Viking more than the dragon...

I opened my eyes and peeked at reptile.

Its eyes were still wide, and looked more frightened than before.

But I couldn't let it know that I've grown soft. I quickly shut my eyes again and tried to lower the blade.

But I couldn't. I couldn't do it...

I relaxed my stance and looked at my knife. I couldn't do this. This wasn't me. I looked at the ropes and the defeated look on the dragon's face. "I did this..."

I turned to run away, but I was suddenly stopped. I furrowed my eyebrows and sighed. I really hated myself sometimes.

Before I knew it, I found myself quickly cutting the ropes.

Crazy?

Yes.

Stupid?

Yes.

Leading myself to my infinite doom?

Absolutely.

But I knew that this was the right thing to do.

I was actually pretty proud of myself. That is, until I cut the last of the ropes and the dragon pinned me down.

I hate myself. I hate myself. I hate myself.

It stared at me, its eyes no longer frightened. They were now murderous.

But then something changed. The dragon's body began to morph into a boy, a boy about my age.

His skin was pale and his hair and clothes black as night. But his hypnotic green eyes stayed the same, never changing from its murderous feel.

I started to shake as he leaned down to my ear and whispered in a menacingly threatening voice, _"Watch yourself..."_

He changed back into a dragon and opened his mouth to make this loud, horrifying shriek right into my face. He then turned and flied (or at least tried to) away and disappeared into the forest.

What? WHAT?

WHAT EVEN HAPPENED?!

That boy-that dragon-!

Oh my Gods. That's it. I'm insane. I'm completely off my rocker.

But this was no time for self pity. I could always do that later. With a shaky breath, I stood up and wobbly walked away, almost immediately falling to the ground.

4. UPDATE IMPORTANT

THIS IS AN UPDATE!

I SINCERELY APOLOGIZE FOR NOT UPDATING REGULARLY! I AM TYPING FROM THE LIBRARY'S COMPUTER!

NEW CHAPTERS WILL BE COMING THIS SEPTEMBER FOR I WILL BE USING A SCHOOL COMPUTER!

With love, FeelDaBURN8

End
file.